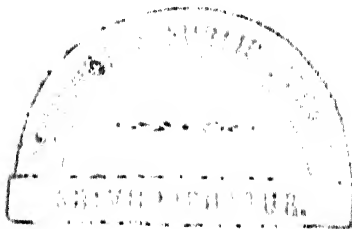
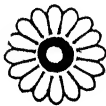




THE
PATTERN OF COURTESY
AN ANTHOLOGY

continuing
THE TESTAMENT OF LIGHT
made & edited
by
GERALD BULLETT



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PREFACE

IN this anthology, though for the sake of convenience it bears another title, the thread of an earlier argument is resumed: the three sentences of Chekhov which closed the first volume provide the prelude to the second. *THE PATTERN OF COURTESY* differs from *THE TESTAMENT OF LIGHT* not in spirit or general aim, but somewhat in literary scope, being concerned a little less with exposition and homily, and a little more with examples of the high courtesy it celebrates. It is designed as a continuous whole, to be read, in the first instance, from beginning to end. Recent events will perhaps have invested some of its simple truisms with an air of audacity: the doctrine of Mencius for example, that 'man's nature is good, as water flows down', may seem on the face of it to contradict plain fact. Yet if we have patience enough to look behind the obvious and seek out hidden causes, we cannot miss the truth and importance of this saying, with its corollary that 'when man is brought to do evil, it is by a violence done to his nature.' On this point a Christian anchoress, writing some seventeen centuries later, is at one with the Chinese teacher. 'We have verily of kinde [i.e. nature] to haten sin,' says the Lady Julian of Norwich, 'and we have verily of grace to haten sin. For kinde is all good and fair

in itself.' 'This seems to me to be the first article any religious faith worth having. A religion of spirit is the vital need of our time: democracies crumbling for lack of it, and individuals, in their search for an absolute, are embracing the most monstrous of all idolatries. 'If nothing better is offered to him'—the voice is Storm Jameson's—'man must accept a false absolute, a system which seems to him wide enough to absorb all his impulses and satisfy his needs, even though to achieve it he has had to sacrifice the greatest of all human values, the freedom of the mind. . . . Hence the growth among us of this new vicious Nationalism.'

A friendly ecclesiastical critic of *The Testament Light*, writing with special reference to its editor's commentaries, describes that book as representing 'a conception of religion which may fairly be called religion without God.' I am not disposed to quarrel with this verdict, but it is necessary to distinguish between the God posited by theology, that 'science of the unknowable', and the God (if we wish to call it so) that flowers in the human heart. If we think of God as a person, a creator, a lover, a judge, in any sense in which we might apply these descriptions to our neighbours, we are being misled by metaphors. 'Of God himself can no man think,' writes the Christian author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*; and what cannot

be thought of cannot be the subject of rational discourse. 'By love may he be gotten and holden, but by thought never.' It would seem reasonable, therefore, to leave the unknowable to its own devices and to make what we can of those rare brief moments of beatitude, that kingdom of heaven within us, which we can know not only by the report of poets and religious mystics but by immediate experience. With that beatitude, of which something we must call love is perhaps the cause and certainly the effect, the term God is traditionally associated; and though we may shy at it, wishing to avoid the intellectual dilemma it represents, we can scarcely doubt that a word charged with the energy of so much human experience—history, poetry, speculation—will survive the decay of a hundred forms of theism, and even, if it comes to that, of theism itself.

My sincere thanks are offered to those authors, publishers, and other copyright-holders, who have kindly consented to my use of copyright matter: H. I. Bell, and The Clarendon Press, for two poems from Traherne's *Poems of Felicity*; G. K. Chesterton and his publishers John Lane The Bodley Head Ltd (for extracts from *Heretics* and *Orthodoxy*), Methuen and Co Ltd (for *Charles Dickens*), Burns Oates and Washbourne Ltd (for lines from *Poems*); the Literary

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Executor of Rupert Brooke, and Sidgwick and Jackson Ltd, for a sonnet from *1914 and Other Poems*; Walter de la Mare, and Constable and Co Ltd, for 'Vain Questioning', from *Medley and Other Poems*; the poet's family, and The Oxford University Press, for Gerard Manley Hopkins's sonnet, from *Poems*; the D. H. Lawrence Estate, and Martin Secker Ltd, for 'Shadows', from *Last Poems*; C. Day Lewis for his poem 'A Time to Dance'; Leonard A. Lyall, and Longmans Green and Co Ltd, for passages from his *Mencius*; H. J. Massingham, and Gerald Howe Ltd, for a passage from *The Golden Age*; the Trustees of George Meredith, and Constable and Co Ltd, for part of 'Melampus', from the *Collected Poems*; C. D. Medley, and William Heinemann Ltd, for a passage from George Moore's *A Storyteller's Holiday*; Sir Frederick Pollock for his verse translation from the Persian of Faridu'ddin Attar; Herbert Read, and Faber and Faber Ltd, for a passage from *The Innocent Eye*; Rider and Co for W. G. Old's *The Simple Way*, a translation of Lao-Tze; R. Ellis Roberts for a passage from his book on *Prayer*; Stephen Spender for his poem 'The Bird'; Evelyn Underhill, and J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd, for part of the title-poem from *Immanence and Other Poems*; Evelyn Underhill again, and John M. Watkins, for passages from her editions of Walter Hilton's *The Scale of Perfection* and the anonymous

Cloud of Unknowing; and Stella Gibbons, and Longmans Green and Co Ltd, for her poem 'A Birthday', from *The Priestess and Other Poems*. Finally, in respect of three pieces from *The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont 1616-1699* (first published by Constable and Co Ltd in 1914), I ask the indulgence of the editors, with whom I have been unable to get into touch.

G. B.

June 1934

IN NATURE EVERYTHING HAS A MEANING
AND EVERYTHING IS FORGIVEN
AND IT WOULD BE STRANGE NOT TO FORGIVE

THE PATTERN OF COURTESY

Particulars of authorship and source are given in the INDEX, where each passage will be found entered under its serial number.

I F it is guided by its feelings our nature will do I good, and so I call it good. If evil is done it is not the fault of the stuff. Love, right, courtesy and wisdom are not burnt into us from without: we always had them. That one man is twice, or five times, or beyond all reckoning higher than others is because these others could not make full use of their stuff.

Now here is barley. It has been sown, tilled and harrowed; it is all on the same land, and it was planted at the same time too. It grows lustily, and when midsummer comes it is all ripe. But it is not all alike; for the ground was fat or stony, and the rain and dew that fed it, and the work that men spent upon it, these varied.

Thus all things of a kind are much the same. Why, when we come to man, doubt it for the first time? A holy man and we are one in kind.

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DID any bird come flying
After Adam and Eve,
When the door was shut against them
And they sat down to grieve?

I think not Eve's peacock
Splendid to see,
And I think not Adam's eagle;
But a dove, may be.

Did any beast come pushing
Through the thorny hedge
Into the thorny thistly world,
Out from Eden's edge?

I think not a lion,
Though his strength is such;
But an innocent loving lamb
May have done as much. . . .

SANCHO had rehearsed to the curate and the 3
barber the adventure of the slaves, which his lord
had accomplished with such glory; and therefore the
curate did use much vehemence as he repeated it,
wishing to see what Don Quixote would say or do.
Scarce had he finished the narration when Sancho
said: By my faith, master licentiate, it was my lord
that did that feat, and that not for want of warning,
for I told him beforehand, and advised him that he
should see well what he did, and that it was a sin to
deliver them, because they were all sent to the galleys
for very great villainies they had played. You
bottlehead, replied Don Quixote, it concerneth not
knights-errant to examine whether the afflicted, the
enchained, and oppressed, which they encounter by
the way, be carried in that fashion or are plunged in
that distress through their own default and disgrace:
we are only obliged to assist them in their need and
plight, setting our eyes upon their pains, and not on
their crimes. I met with a rosary or bead-string of
people who were sorrowful and unfortunate, and I
did for them that which my order enjoins upon me.
For the rest, let them judge of it elsewhere. And he
to whom this deed shall seem evil, I say he has but
small understanding of what belongs to chivalry.

4 **A** GOOD man, as Thackeray said with such thorough and searching truth, grows simpler as he grows older. Samuel Pickwick in his youth was probably an insufferable young coxcomb. He knew then, or thought he knew, all about the confidence tricks of swindlers like Jingle. He knew then, or thought he knew, all about the amatory designs of sly ladies like Mrs. Bardell. But years and real life have relieved him of this idle and evil knowledge. He has had the high good luck in losing the follies of youth to lose the wisdom of youth also. Dickens has caught, in a manner at once wild and convincing, this queer innocence of the afternoon of life. The round, moon-like face, the round, moon-like spectacles of Samuel Pickwick, move through the tale as emblems of a certain spherical simplicity. They are fixed in that grave surprise that may be seen in babies; that grave surprise which is the only real happiness that is possible to man. Pickwick's round face is like a round and honourable mirror, in which are reflected all the fantasies of earthly existence; for surprise is, strictly speaking, the only kind of reflection.

PICKWICK goes through life with that god-like 5
gullibility which is the key to all adventures. The
greenhorn is the ultimate victor in everything; it is
he that gets the most out of life. Because Pickwick
is led away by Jingle, he will be led to the White Hart
Inn, and see the only Weller cleaning boots in the
courtyard. Because he is bamboozled by Dodson and
Fogg, he will enter the prison house like a paladin, and
rescue the man and the woman who have wronged
him most. His soul will never starve for exploits or
excitements who is wise enough to be made a fool of.
He will make himself happy in the traps that have
been laid for him; he will roll in their nets and sleep.
All doors will fly open to him who has a mildness more
defiant than mere courage. The whole is unerringly
expressed in one fortunate phrase—he will be always
‘taken in.’ To be taken in everywhere is to see the
inside of everything. It is the hospitality of circum-
stance. With torches and trumpets, like a guest, the
greenhorn is taken in by Life. And the sceptic is
cast out by it.

6 **L**UACHET is beautiful [said young Marban to the aged Abbot] but it wasn't her body altogether that drew me. Well, this much I can say with truth, that there is something beyond the lust of the eye and the desire of the flesh, something that is beyond the mind itself, and maybe that thing is the soul; and maybe the soul is love, and whosoever comes upon his soul is at once robbed of all thought and reason, and becomes like a flower. It was like that with me when my mother told me about our Lord Jesus's appearance in Galilee, and about his suffering and his death, for you'll remember it, my Lord Abbot, that I went to yourself and told you that the love of Jesus was in my head ever since I heard the story from my mother, and that I wanted to lose myself in love of him. And last night I was carried away just as I was on that first occasion, and I somehow cannot believe it true that my love of her will rob me of my love of Jesus, nor that her love of me will rob him of her love, for in our hearts it is all one and the same thing, and aren't we more sure that God made our hearts than of anything else? It may be, Marban continued, after he had had a look round, that I did not know this always. It may be that yesterday I would have denied the truth of what I'm now saying to you all. All the same it is the truth I'm telling you, that when the door opened and Luachet came into the room, the light of the

candle that was in her hand shining on the white scriptures—— The scriptures tumbled out of her hand, the old Abbot interrupted. They did not, my lord. She gave them to me, and they made plain to me that she is herself a good part of me, my scripture for ever, as long as this life lasts in me, and, if I may say it without heresy, she 'll be that for the life everlasting that 's to come with our Lord Jesus Christ. As good doctrine as I 've heard this many a day, said the Abbot, and what 's true in it has been for a long time past in the mind of God, and will be for evermore.

7 **W**E have verily of kinde to haten sin, and we have verily of grace to haten sin. For kinde is all good and fair in itself, and grace was sent out to saven kinde and destroyen sin and bringen again fair kinde to the blessid point fro whence it came: that is God. For it shall be seen afore God, of all his holy in joye without end, that kinde hath ben assayed in the fire of tribulation and therein founden no lack, no default. Thus is kinde and grace of one accord: for grace is good [*?God*] as kind is good: he is two in manner of werking and one in love. And neyther of them werketh without other, non be departed. And when we, by mercy of God and with his helpe, accorden us to kinde and grace, we shall seen verily that sin is very viler and painfuller than helle, without likeness; for it is contrarious to our fair kinde.

THEN sprang up first the Golden Age, which of 8
itself maintain'd

The truth and right of every thing unforced and
unconstrain'd.

There was no fear of punishment, there was no
threatning lawe

In brazen tablets naylèd up, to keep the folk in awe.

There was no man would crouch or creep to Judge
with cap in hand,

They livèd safe without a Judge in every realm and
land.

The lofty pinetree was not hewn from mountains where
it stood,

In seeking strange and forren lands to rove upon the
flood.

Men knew none other countries yet than where them-
selves did keep;

There was no town enclosed yet with walls and ditches
deep.

No horn nor trumpet was in use, no sword nor helmet
worne:

The world was such that souldiers' help might easly be
forborne.

The fertile earth as yet was free, untoucht of spade or
plow,

And yet it yeelded of itself of every thing enow.

And men themselves contented well with plain and
simple food
That on the earth by nature's gift without their travail
stood;
Did live by raspis, hips and haws, by cornels, plums and
cherries,
By sloes and apples, nuts and peares, and toothsome
bramble-berries,
And by the acorns dropt on ground from Jove's broad
tree in feeld.
The springtime lasted all the yeere, and Zephyr with
his meeld
And gentle blasts did cherish things that grew of own
accord.
The ground untill'd all kind of fruits did plenteously
afford.
No muck nor tillage was bestow'd on lean and barren
land,
To make the corne of better head and ranker for to
stand.
Then streams ran milk, then streams ran wine, and
yellow honey flow'd
From each green tree whereon the rays of fiery Phoebus
glow'd.

THE idea of the Golden Age is no dogma, no rule 9
of thumb, no quack panacea; its justification is
as a light to lighten our darkness. We can only hope
that in passing into the midst of every struggle, error
and sorrow, the travailing human spirit may at long
last achieve a condition of living in which the end
shall be as the beginning, but with the replacement of
knowledge for innocence and of the widest experience
for that primal state whose promise has been so tragi-
cally unfulfilled. The idea of the Golden Age, which
reconciles poetic imagination with historical fact,
reality with the obscure gropings of the human spirit,
is the only one which can preserve that hope from
falsehood.

10 **T**HE wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed: their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

THIS I trow be truth—who can teach thee better, **I I**
Let him have his say and learn truth thereafter;
For Truth telleth that Love is a heavenly salve,
And no sin may harbour with him that useth it,
All his works being wrought with love as he list.

Heaven could not hold it, it was so heavy,
Till of the earth it had eaten its fill;
And when, in this world, flesh and blood it had taken,
Never leaf upon linden was lighter than love:
Quick, and piercing, as the point of a needle,
No armour might withstay it, and no high wall.

True of tongue though ye be, and honest of trade,
And chaste as a child that cries at the christening,
Unless ye love loyally, and brother the poor,
In good heart sharing the bounty God send you,
Of your Masses and Hours ye shall have no more merit
Than hath Malkyn of her maidenhead that no man
 desireth.

I 2 **A**ND if to-night my soul may find her peace
in sleep, and sink in good oblivion,
and in the morning wake like a new-opened flower,
then I have been dipped again in God, and new-
created.

And if, as weeks go round, in the dark of the moon
my spirit darkens and goes out, and soft strange gloom
pervades my movements and my thoughts and words
then I shall know that I am walking still
with God, we are close together now the moon's in
shadow.

And if, as autumn deepens and darkens
I feel the pain of falling leaves, and stems that break in
storms
and trouble and dissolution and distress
and then the softness of deep shadows folding, folding
around my soul and spirit, around my lips
so sweet, like a swoon, or more like the drowse of a
low, sad song
singing darker than the nightingale, on, on to the
solstice
and the silence of short days, the silence of the year, the
shadow,
then I shall know that my life is moving still
with the dark earth, and drenched
with the deep oblivion of earth's lapse and renewal.

And if, in the changing phases of man's life
I fall in sickness and in misery
my wrists seem broken and my heart seems dead
and strength is gone, and my life
is only the leavings of a life:
and still, among it all, snatches of lovely oblivion, and
snatches of renewal,
odd, wintry flowers upon the withered stem, yet new,
strange flowers
such as my life has not brought forth before, new
blossoms of me:

then I must know that still
I am in the hands of the unknown God;
he is breaking me down to his own oblivion
to send me forth on a new morning, a new man.

13 **F**OR charity pray we all: with Godds werking,
thankand, trustand, enjoyand. For thus will
our good Lord be prayed, as by the understanding that
I took in all his meaning and in the swete words where
he saith full merrily: I am [the] ground of thy be-
seeking. And fro that time that it was shewid I
desired oftentimes to witten what was our Lords
meaning. And fifteen year after, and more, I was
answered in gostly understanding, seyand thus: Woldst
thou witten thy Lords meaning in this thing? Wete
it wele: love was his meaning. Who shewid it thee?
Love. What shewid he thee? Love. Wherefore
shewid it he? For love. Hold thee therein and
thou shalt witten and knowen more in the same. But
thou shalt never knowen ne witten therein other thing
without end. Thus was I lerid that love was our
Lords meaning.

And I saw ful sekirly, in this and in all, that ere
God made us he lovid us: which love was never slakid,
no never shall [be]. And in this love he hath don all
his werke; and in this love he hath made all things
profitable to us; and in this love our life is everlastand.
In our making we had beginning; but the love wherein
he made us was in him from without beginning: in
which love we have our beginning. And all this shall
be seen, in God, without end.

WITH love exceeding a simple love of the things I 4
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck;
Or change their perch on a beat of quivering wings
From branch to branch, only restful to pipe and peck;
Or, bristled, curl at a touch their snouts in a ball;
Or cast their web between bramble and thorny hook;
The good physician Melampus, loving them all,
Among them walked, as a scholar who reads a book.

For him the woods were a home and gave him the key
Of knowledge, thirst for their treasures in herbs and
flowers.

The secrets held by the creatures nearer than we
To earth he sought, and the link of their life with ours:
And where alike we are, unlike where, and the veined
Division, veined parallel, of a blood that flows
In them, in us, from the source by man unattained
Save marks he well what the mystical woods disclose.

And this he deemed might be boon of love to a breast
Embracing tenderly each little motive shape,
The prone, the flitting, who seek their food whither best
Their wits direct, whither best from their foes escape.
For closer drawn to our mother's natural milk,
As babes they learn where her motherly help is great:
They know the juice for the honey, juice for the silk,
And need they medical antidotes, find them straight.

Of earth and sun they are wise, they nourish their
broods,

Weave, build, hive, burrow and battle, take joy and pain

Like swimmers varying billows: never in woods

Runs white insanity fleeing itself: all sane

The woods revolve: as the tree its shadowing limns

To some resemblance in motion, the rooted life

Restrains disorder: you hear the primitive hymns

Of earth in woods issue wild of the web of strife.

Now sleeping once on a day of marvellous fire,

A brood of snakes he had cherished in grave regret

That death his people had dealt their dam and their sire,

Through savage dread of them, crept to his neck, and
set

Their tongues to lick him: the swift affectionate tongue

Of each ran licking the slumberer: then his ears

A forked red tongue tickled shrewdly: sudden upsprung,

He heard a voice piping: Ay, for he has no fears!

A bird said that, in the note of birds, and the speech

Of men, it seemed: and another renewed: He moves

To learn and not to pursue, he gathers to teach;

He feeds his young as do we, and as we love loves.

No fears have I of a man who goes with his head

To earth, chance looking aloft at us, kind of hand:

I feel to him as to earth of whom we are fed. . . .

EVERY man has a heart that pities others, for the heart of every man is moved by fear and horror, tenderness, and mercy, if he suddenly sees a child about to fall into a well. And this is not because he wishes to make friends with the child's father and mother or to win praise from his countryfolk and friends, nor because the child's cries hurt him. This shows that no man is without a merciful tender heart, no man is without a heart for shame and hatred, no man is without a heart to give way and yield, no man is without a heart for right and wrong. I 5

A merciful tender heart is the seed of love; a heart for shame and hatred is the seed of right; a heart to give way and yield is the seed of courtesy; a heart for right and wrong is the seed of wisdom. Man has these four seeds in him as he has four limbs.

16 **M**EETNESS is a thing unconquerable, provided it be true and natural, and not affected or hypocritical. For how shall even the most fierce and malicious person be able to hold on against thee if thou continue meek and loving unto him, and even in the moment when he is about to do thee wrong, be well disposed, of a tranquil temper, and concerned to show him that the wrong he intends will be to his own hurt rather than thine. This thou must show him not scoffingly, not by way of rebuke, but courteously, without any harshness of words. Nor must thou do it by way of exercise or ostentation, that others who hear may admire thee, but rather with such discretion that none shall be privy to it but him that it concerneth. Bear in mind that to be angry is not the part of a man, and that to be meek and gentle, as it savours of more humanity, so of more manhood. In gentle demeanour there is strength and nerves, or vigour and fortitude, whereof anger and indignation is altogether void. For the nearer everything is unto serenity, the nearer it is unto power. And as grief doth proceed from weakness, so doth anger. Both he that is angry and he that intemperately grieveth have received a wound, and cowardly have as it were yielded themselves unto their afflictions.

ON a day in November, 1682, William Penn and I 7
his fellow-colonists made a Treaty of Amity with
the American Indians. The white men carried no
weapons; the Indians were fully armed. Penn ad-
dressed them as follows: The Great Spirit who made
me and you, who rules the heavens and the earth, and
knows the innermost thoughts of men, knows that I
and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and
friendship with you, and to serve you to the uttermost
of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile
weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which reason
we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do
injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do
good. We are met on the broad pathway of good
faith and good will, so that no advantage is to be taken
on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood,
and love. I will not do as the Marylanders did, that
is, call you children and brothers only; for often parents
are apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers
sometimes differ. Neither will I compare the friend-
ship between us to a chain, for rains might sometimes
rust it, or a tree might fall and break it. But I will
consider you as Christians, of the same flesh and blood,
and the same as if one man's body were to be divided
into two parts.

18 **W**OULDST know what entertainment I expect?
Why, nothing but Good Cheer.
But prithee let not this reflect
Thy hospitable care
Upon thy Cellar or thy Kitchin; I
By cupps and dishes count not jollity.

Not from thy Cook or Butler, but from thee,
I for my welcome look:
Which will be best if thou wilt be
Butler thyself, and Cook.
Let mine eyes drink thy cheerful countenance, ne'er
Shall I for bright and brisque Canary care.

A Mess of Smiles, gently garnished out
With spruce Discourse, will be
A daintier Feast than ever ought
Its quaint nativitie
To the most learned kitchin; specially
When hearty symptoms bear it company.

Into the bargain would thy courtesy
Content the Belly too,
Be sure, for what 's but by the by
Thou mak'st not most ado.
In thine own sweetness I the banquet place:
As for thy Meat, I shall but count it Sauce.

AS Ahasuerus who reigned from India to Ethiopia, 19
Over one hundred and seventy Princes, made a great Feast for all his Princes, which lasted one hundred and eighty-one days, so shall this King of Heaven and Earth make his great Supper of Glory, which shall last for all Eternity, for the setting forth of his Majesty and for the honour and entertainment of his Servants; where the Joys shall be such as neither the Eye hath seen, nor the Ear hath heard, nor hath entered into the Heart of Man to conceive. Come Eat and Drink and be filled my Beloved, shall the King of Heaven say. This Feast of mine shall never be ended: there shall come no sorrow after it. . . . The principal Dish which is served in at this great Supper is the clear Vision of God and all his Divine Perfections; after that a Thousand Joys of the Soul in all its Powers and Faculties; then a Thousand Pleasures of the Senses, with all the endowments of a Glorified Body. Those latter are as it were the Dessert of this Divine Banquet; and if the Dessert be such, what shall be the Substance of the Feast?

20 **W**HILE Saint Francis was sojourning in the city of Agobio there appeared in that country-side an enormous and savage wolf, which devoured not only animals, but men too. All the citizens lived in fear of him, for he often came near the city. Whenever they went out they took weapons with them as though for a battle, but weapons were of small avail to a man if the wolf chanced upon him when he was alone, and things came to such a pass that no one dared leave the city at all. Being sorry for their plight, Saint Francis resolved to go and find the wolf, although the people tried their best to dissuade him. Making the sign of the holy cross, he went out of the city with his companions, putting all his trust in God. Those who were with him were afraid to venture the whole way, so he went on alone to where the wolf had his lair. And, in the sight of the many who stood watching from a distance, the wolf came running at Saint Francis with bared fangs; but Saint Francis, making the sign of the holy cross, called to him, saying: Come hither, brother wolf. I charge you in the name of Christ that you do no hurt either to me or to anyone. At that sign the wolf shut his jaws and stopped running, and at those words he came gently on and lay like a lamb at the saint's feet. Brother wolf, said Saint Francis, you've done much harm and villainy in these parts. All men cry out against you. The

whole country is your enemy. But, brother wolf, I want to make peace between you and these people, so that you may no more offend them, and they may forgive you your former misdeeds and pursue you no longer. By moving his tail and his eyes, and by bending his head, the wolf signified assent to these words. So, said Saint Francis, since this pact is to your mind, I undertake to see to it that the people here shall keep you supplied with food for the rest of your life, so that you need never be hungry again; for I know very well that it was hunger that drove you to these works of cruelty. And if I win for you this grace of your neighbours, you must promise, brother wolf, to do no more harm to anyone, whether man or beast. Will you promise this? And the wolf bowed his head in token that he promised. Come then, said Saint Francis, we will plight troth for this promise, so that we may have no doubt of each other. So saying he held out his hand, and into it the wolf laid his right paw in witness of good faith. And the wolf, quiet and docile, went with him into the city, to the great astonishment of all the people.

Rumour of this great marvel spread like fire through the city; and they all—men and women, gentle and simple, young and old—came running to the market-place to see it with their own eyes. And Saint Francis said to the people: Listen, my brothers. Our

brother wolf, who stands here with me in your sight, has agreed to make his peace with you. He promises never again to offend you in any way; and I want you, for your part, to promise to give him his daily food. I am his surety to you that he will keep this covenant faithfully. . . . From that hour the wolf lived at peace in Agobio, going freely in and out of the houses, and from door to door, without doing or receiving any hurt, and being kindly entertained and provided for by the people: nor was there so much as a dog that railed at him. And when, two years later, he died of old age, the people were much grieved; for always the sight of him going so courteously about the city had recalled to their minds the virtue and saintliness of Brother Francis.

THE one kind of pride which is wholly damnable 21
is the pride of the man who has something to be proud of. The pride which, proportionally speaking, does not hurt the character, is the pride in things which reflect no credit on the person at all. Thus it does a man no harm to be proud of his country, and comparatively little harm to be proud of his remote ancestors. It does him more harm to be proud of having made money, because in that he has a little more reason for pride. It does him more harm still to be proud of what is nobler than money—intellect. And it does him most harm of all to value himself for the most valuable thing on earth—goodness.

22 **I** COME in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
Yea, on the glancing wings
Of eager birds, the softly pattering feet
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet
Your hard and wayward heart. In brown bright eyes
That peep from out the brake, I stand confest.
On every nest
Where feathery Patience is content to brood
And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise
Of motherhood—
There doth My Godhead rest.

23

O SWEET woods, the delight of solitariness,
Oh how much I do like your solitariness!
Where man's mind hath a free consideration,
Of goodness to receive lovely direction;
Where senses do behold the order of heavenly host,
And wise thoughts do behold what the Creator is.
Contemplation here holdeth his only seat;
Bounded with no limits, born with a wing of hope,
Climbs even unto the stars; Nature is under it.
Nought disturbs thy quiet, all to thy service yields;
Each sight draws on a thought (Thought, mother of
Science);
Sweet birds kindly do grant harmony unto thee;
Fair trees' shade is enough fortification,
Nor danger to thyself if be not in thyself.

24 **M**ENCIUS said: The kingly man is unlike other men because he keeps his heart. Its keeper is love, its keeper is courtesy. If a man loves others, most men will love him; if he respects others, most men will respect him. When some one is cross and rude to him, the kingly man will question himself and say, I must have been wanting in love, I must have been discourteous, or how could this have happened? If he finds that he has shown love and that he has shown courtesy, and the other is still cross and rude, he will question himself and say, I must have been insincere. If he finds that he has been sincere, and the other is still cross and rude, he will say, This is merely a man gone wrong. Then what is there to choose between him and a bird or beast? And why be hard on a bird or beast?

The kingly man has a lifelong yearning, but not one morning's sorrows. A yearning, yes, he has one: Shun was a man, I too am a man; Shun was a pattern for all below heaven and a heritage for after ages, I am still nothing but a villager! This is his cause for yearning. What is his yearning? To be like Shun, that is all. But the kingly man has no sorrows. He does nothing against love, he does nothing against courtesy. If sorrows come one morning, he does not sorrow.

AND on the morn at underne Sir Arthur was 25
ready in the field with three great hosts. And
then Sir Launcelot's fellowship came out at three gates,
in a full good array; and Sir Lionel came in the fore-
most battle, and Sir Launcelot came in the middle, and
Sir Bors came out at the third gate. Thus they came
in order and rule, as full noble knights; and always Sir
Launcelot charged all his knights in any wise to save
King Arthur and Sir Gawaine. Then came forth
Sir Gawaine from the king's host, and he came before
and proffered to joust. And Sir Lionel was a fierce
knight, and lightly he encountered with Sir Gawaine;
and there Sir Gawaine smote Sir Lionel throughout
the body, that he dashed to earth like as he had been
dead; and then Sir Ector de Maris and other more
bare him into the castle. Then there began a great
stour, and much people were slain; and ever Sir
Launcelot did what he might to save the people on
King Arthur's party, for Sir Palomides and Sir Bors
and Sir Safere overthrew many knights, for they were
deadly knights. And Sir Blamore de Ganis, and Sir
Bleoberis de Ganis, with Sir Bellangere le Beuse, these
six knights did much harm; and ever King Arthur was
nigh about Sir Launcelot to have slain him, and Sir
Launcelot suffered him, and would not strike again.
So Sir Bors encountered with King Arthur, and there
with a spear Sir Bors smote him down; and so he

alighted and drew his sword, and said to Sir Launcelot: Shall I make an end of this war? and that he meant to have slain King Arthur. Not so hardy, said Sir Launcelot, upon pain of thy head, that thou touch him no more, for I will never see that most noble king that made me knight neither slain nor shamed. And therewithal Sir Launcelot alighted off his horse and took up the king and horsed him again, and said thus: My lord Arthur, for God's love stint this strife, for ye get here no worship and I would do mine utterance, but always I forbear you, and ye nor none of yours forbeareth me; my lord, remember what I have done in many places, and now I am evil rewarded. Then when King Arthur was on horseback, he looked upon Sir Launcelot, and then the tears brast out of his eyen, thinking on the great courtesy that was in Sir Launcelot more than in any other man; and therewith the king rode his way, and might no longer behold him, and said: Alas, that ever this war began.

LORD, when we cry Thee far and near
And thunder through all lands unknown
The gospel into every ear,
Lord, let us not forget our own.

26

Cleanse us from ire of creed or class,
The anger of the idle kings;
Sow in our souls, like living grass,
The laughter of all lowly things.

27 **M**AN'S nature is good, as water flows down. No man but is good, no water but flows down. By hitting water you can make it leap above your forehead; by forcing it you can bring it up a hill. But is that the nature of water? No, it is done by violence; and when man is brought to do evil, it is by a similar violence to his nature.

P LEASURE it is
To hear, iwis,
The birdés sing.
The deer in the dale,
The sheep in the vale,
The corn springing.
God's purveyance
For sustenance
It is for man.
Then we always
To him give praise,
And thank him than,
And thank him than.

29 **T**O reprove a sinner for his sin unto his amending and in convenable time, it is a deed of charity; but for to hate the sinner instead of the sin, it is against charity. He that is verily meek can depart that one from the other, and no man but he; for if a man had morally all the virtues of all philosophers he could not [necessarily] do this. He should be able to hate the sin in all other men, for he hateth it in himself, but he could not love the man in charity for all his philosophy. Also if a man has knowing of clergy and of all divinity and is not soothfastly meek, he shall err and stumble and take that one for the other; but meekness is worthy to receive a gift of God, the which may not be learnt by kenning of man.

NO man can justly censure or condemn another, 30
because, indeed, no man truly knows another.
This I perceive in my self; for I am in the dark to all
the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a
cloud. Further, no man can judge another, because
no man knows himself: for we censure others but as
they disagree from that humour which we fancy
laudable in our selves, and commend others but for
that wherein they seem to quadrate and consent with
us. So that, in conclusion, all [judgement of others]
is but that we all condemn, self-love.

3 I **I**F thou be not stirred against the [offending] person by angry and fell cheer outward, nor by no privy hate in thine heart for to despise or demean him, or for to set him at nought; but the more shame and villainy he doth to thee in word or deed, the more pity and compassion thou hast of him, as thou wouldst have of a man that were out of his wit or mind, and thee thinketh thou canst not find in thine heart for to hate him, for love is so good in the self, but pray for him and help him and desire his amending, not only with thy mouth as hypocrites can do, but with affection of love in thine heart, then hast thou perfect charity to thine even-christian. This charity had Saint Stephen perfectly when he prayed for them that stoned him to the death. This charity counselled Christ to all those that would be his perfect followers. And therefore if thou wilt follow Christ, be like to him in this craft. Learn for to love thine enemies and sinful men, for all these are thine even-christians. Look and bethink thee how Christ loved Judas, that was both his deadly enemy, and a sinful caitiff. How goodly Christ was to him, how benign, how courteous.

TO thee, most high omnipotent good Sir,
To thee alone, O Most High,
be praise, glory, honour and benediction.
There is no man worthy to speak of thee.

32

To thee, my Lord, with all thy creatures,
Be praise:
especially to my worshipful brother Sun,
which bringeth light from thee to light our day.
He is beautiful in his shining, O Most High,
and of thee beareth tidings.

Praise be to thee, my Lord, for sister Moon,
and for the clear Stars, fair beyond price.
Praise be to thee for brother Wind,
for the Air and for the Clouds,
and fair weather, and all weather.
By these thou dost sustain thy creatures.

Praise be to thee, my Lord, for sister Water,
humble and serviceable, precious and pure:
And praise, my Lord, for brother Fire
by whom thou dost illumine the dark night.
Bright is he, and jocund; lusty and strong.

Praise be, my Lord, for our sister, Mother Earth,

who nourishes and guides us,
bringing forth diversity of fruits,
and grass,
and flowers of many colours.

Praise be for them who for thy love forgive,
and endure weakness and tribulation.
Blessed are they that persevere in peace,
for their crown is in thee.

BEHOLD, how green this valley is, also how 33
beautiful with lilies [said Mr. Great-heart]. Now
as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy
feeding his father's sheep. The Boy was in very
mean clothes, but of a very fresh and well-favoured
countenance, and as he sate by himself he sang. Hark,
said Mr. Great-heart, to what the Shepherd's Boy
saith. So they hearkened, and he said:

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride:
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou saveth such.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

Then said their Guide: Do you hear him? I will dare
to say that this Boy lives a merrier life, and wears more
of that herb called Heart's-case in his bosom, than he
that is clad in Silk and Velvet.

34 **M**ENCIUS said: Ox Hill was once fair with trees; but being on the outskirts of a big town, it was stricken by axe and bill, and could it remain fair? Begotten by day and night, watered by rain and dew, it cannot be that no buds or shoots grow: but cows and sheep come too and munch them—and there it is, scoured clean! Seeing it scoured clean, men think it never was wooded. But was the nature of the hill such?

And can a heart for love and right be wanting in man? The way he loses his true heart is like the way of the axes and bills among the trees. Stricken day after day, can the heart remain fair? Begotten by day and night, in the breath of peaceful dawn, his loves and hates are akin to other men's. But they are weak, and his doings in the dawn and in the daytime fetter and quell them. Fettered again and again, the breath of night is too little to keep them alive. And when the breath of night is too little to keep them alive, he is not far from a bird or beast. Seeing him a bird or beast, men think he never had talents. But was the soul of man such?

For there is nothing that does not grow if it gets food, and nothing that does not dwindle if it misses its food. When Confucius said 'Hold fast, and ye shall keep it; let go, and it is gone; it comes and goes untimed; none knows its home,' he spake only of the heart.

FOR ever, said Arthur, it is a worshipful knight's 35
deed to help another worshipful knight when he
seeth him in a great danger; for ever a worshipful man
will be loath to see a worshipful man shamed. And he
that is of no worship, and fareth with cowardice, never
shall he show gentleness nor no manner of goodness
where he seeth a man in any danger, for then ever will
a coward show no mercy. And always a good man
will do ever to another man as he would be done
to himself.

So then there were great feasts unto kings and dukes,
and revel, game, and play; and all manner of noblesse
was used; and he that was courteous true and faithful
to his friend was that time cherished. And thus it
passed on from Candylmas until after Easter, that the
month of May was come, when every lusty heart
beginneth to blossom and to bring forth fruit. For
like as herbs and trees bringen forth fruit and flourishen
in May, in like wise every lusty heart that is in any
manner a lover springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds.
For it giveth unto all lovers courage, that lusty month
of May, in something to constrain him to some manner
of thing more in that moneth than in any other moneth,
for divers causes. For then all herbs and trees re-
newen a man and woman, and, in like wise, lovers
callen again to their minds old gentleness and old
service and many kind deeds that were forgotten by

negligence. For like as winter rasure doth alway arise and deface green summer, so fareth it by unstable love in man and woman. For in many persons there is no stability; for we may see all day [how] for a little blast of winter's rasure anon we shall deface and lay apart true love, for little or naught, that cost much thing. This is no wisdom nor stability, but it is feebleness of nature and great disworship, whosomever useth this. Therefore, like as May month flowereth and flourisheth in many gardens, so in like wise let every man of worship flourish his heart in this world: first unto God, and next unto the joy of them that he promised his faith unto.

SEA to moonlight,
Bee to flower throat,
Bud to sunlight,
Thou to me.

36

Seed in earth peace,
Sight in slumber,
Sound in silence,
I in thee.

37 **T**HERE is a musick where ever there is a harmony, order, or proportion: and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whosoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church-musick. For my self, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern-musick, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the First Composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear, as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God.

KUNG-TU-TZU said: We are all alike men. 38
Why is one a great man and one a small man?

Mencius said: Those that are led by the great in them are great men, and those that are led by the small in them are small men.

Kung-tu-tzu said: We are all alike men. Why is one led by the great in him and one led by the small in him?

Mencius said: To think is not the office of the eyes and ears, and they are blinded by things. Anything that is handed over to things is guided by them altogether. To think is the office of the heart. It gets by thinking, and without thinking it does not get. All that we are is the gift of Heaven. Once a man stands upon the great in him, he cannot be robbed of it by his littlenesses. This, and nothing more, makes the great man.

LET the brave proud and mighty Men
 Pass on in state
 Unto some Gate
 Ample enough to let them in.

My palace door was ever narrow:
 No Mountains may
 Crowd in that way,
 Nor at a Needle's Eye get thorow.

Heaven needeth no such helps as they:
 My royal seat
 Is high and great
 Enough, without poor heaps of Clay,

Without hydropick names of Pride,
 Without the gay
 Deceits that play
 About fond Kings on every side.

Let all the bunchèd Camels go
 With this rich load
 To the Broad Road.
 Heaven needs no Treasure from below:

But rather little tender things,
 On whom to poure
 Its own vast store,
 And make, of worms, celestial Kings.

Heaven's little Gate is only fit,
Deare Babes, for you:
And I, you know,
Am but a Lamb, though King of it.

Come then, meek Brethren, hither come:
These arms you see
At present bee
The Gate by which you must goe home.

There will I meet with you again,
And mounted on
My gentle Throne,
Soft King of Lambs for ever reign.

40 **A** WRONG idea of the nature of God is the greatest hindrance to the best development of man, and a good idea of the nature of God has been the greatest help to man's advance, and not only his advance in things of the intellect and the spirit. Here, paradoxically enough, is the reason why some atheists have been superior to the theists in the spiritual life: their non-God—and it was a Christian mystic who claimed that God was not only Being but Not Being—has represented a higher ideal than the God of the theists.

Religion knows that God can be found everywhere. It is that knowledge which can support men through the more disastrous experiences of life, that makes a truly religious man always at bottom impenitently tolerant. The command to forgive our brother till seventy times seven rests on our belief that God is to be found everywhere, and no man, so far as we can know, is without some message, however misunderstood or despised or unrecognized, from the Spirit of God.

All works of art are acts of prayer: errors in them are no more and no less serious than in the spoken prayers of Christian people.

All work is prayer: and how few spoken prayers are as fine as the direct beauty of a straight furrow.

EVEN in those years I needed not the embellish- 4 I
ments of elegant accessories to conciliate my
affections. Plain human nature, in its humblest and
most homely apparel, was enough for me; and I loved
the child because she was my partner in wretchedness.
If she is now living, she is probably a mother, with
children of her own; but, as I have said, I could never
trace her. This I regret; but another person there
was, at that time, whom I have since sought to trace
with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow
at my failure. This person was a young woman, and
one of that unhappy class who belong to the outcasts
and pariahs of our female population. . . . These un-
happy women, to me, were simply sisters in calamity;
and sisters amongst whom, in as large measure as
amongst any other equal number of persons com-
manding more of the world's respect, were to be found
humanity, disinterested generosity, courage that would
not falter in defence of the helpless, and fidelity that
would have scorned to take bribes for betraying. But
the truth is that at no time of my life have I been a
person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach
of any creature that wore a human shape. I cannot
suppose, I will not believe, that any creatures wearing
the form of man or woman are so absolutely rejected
and reprobate outcasts that merely to talk with them
inflicts pollution. On the contrary, from my very

earliest youth, it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings—man, woman, and child—that chance might fling in my way; for a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature calling himself a man of the world, filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low, to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself, at that time, of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called street-walkers. Some of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting; others had protected me against more serious aggressions. But . . . let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion—ministering to my necessities when all the world stood aloof from me—I owe it that I am at this time alive.

THE only freedom which deserves the name is 42
that of pursuing our own good in our own way,
so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs,
or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the
proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily or
mental and spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers
by suffering each other to live as seems good to them-
selves than by compelling each to live as seems good
to the rest.

WHENAS the mildest month
Of jolly June doth spring,
And gardens green with happy hue
Their famous fruits do bring;
When eke the lustiest time
Reviveth youthful blood,
Then springs the finest featured flower
In border fair that stood.
Which moveth me to say,
In time of pleasant year,
Of all the pleasant flowers in June
The red rose hath no peer.

THOUGH from faded leaf
The dark flower fall,
Her burning all too brief
That seemed perpetual,

44

And, while scent lingers,
The rose-petals dim
Crumble in the fingers
That fain would gather them,

Her fair body broken
Petal by petal and gone,
Here, with no token,
The Rose blooms on.

45 **D**OETH not man die even in his birth? The breaking of prison is death, and what is our birth but a breaking of prison? . . .

It comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in the chimnel are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large that was. It tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too: it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a Prince whom thou couldest not look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the church-yard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the church-yard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce 'This is the patrician, this is the noble flower, and this the yeomanly, this the plebcian bran'?

AS everything in temporal nature is descended out 46
of that which is eternal, and stands as a palpable,
visible out-birth of it, so when we know how to
separate the grossness, death, and darkness of time
from it, we find what it is in its eternal state.

The elements of this world stand in great strife and
contrariety, and yet in great desire of mixing and
uniting with each other; and hence arises both the life
and death of all temporal things. And hereby we
plainly know that the elements of this world were once
one undivided thing; for union can nowhere be desired
but where there has first been a separation. As sure
therefore as the elements desire each other, so sure is it
that they have been parted from each other, and are
only parts of some one thing that has been divided.

In eternal nature, or the kingdom of heaven,
materiality stands in life and light; it is the light's
glorious body, or that garment wherewith light is
clothed, and therefore has all the properties of light in
it, and only differs from light, as it is its brightness and
beauty, as the holder and displayer of all its colours,
powers, and virtues.

47 **I**F you love men, and they are unfriendly, look into your love; if you rule men, and they are unruly, look into your wisdom; if you are courteous to them, and they do not respond, look into your courtesy. If what you do is vain, always seek within.

The great man does not insist on making good his words, or on carrying out all that he takes up. He only does so when it is right.

The great man is he that does not lose the child heart.

A GOOD man was ther of religioun,
 And was a povre Persoun of a toun;
 But rich he was of hooly thoght and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
 That Cristès gospel trewely wold preche;
 His parishens devoutly wold he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversitee ful pacient;
 And swich he was y-prevèd ofté sithes.
 Ful looth were him to cursen for his tithes,
 But rather wold he yeven, out of doute,
 Unto his povre parishens aboute
 Of his offríng, and eek of his substáunce.
 He coud in litel thing han suffisáunce.
 Wide was his parish, and houses fer a-sonder,
 But he ne lafté nat, for rain ne thonder,
 In sickness nor in mechief, to visýte
 The ferrest in his parish, much and lyte,
 Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
 That first he wroghte, and afterward he taught.

And though he hooly were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful man nat déspitous,
 Ne of his speché daungerous ne digne,
 But in his teching díscreet and benigne.
 To drawen folk to heven by fairèness,

By good ensample, was his business:
But it were any person obstinat,
Whatso he were, of heigh or low estat,
Him wold he snibben sharply for the nonès.
A better preest, I trowe that nowher noon is.
He waited after no pomp and reverence,
Ne makéd him a spicéd conscience,
But Cristès loore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, and first he folwéd it himselve.

With him ther was a Plowman, was his brother,
That had y-lad of dong ful many a fother,
A trewè swinker and a good was he,
Living in pees and parfit charitee.
God loved he best with al his hoolè herte
At allè timès, thogh him gamed or smerte,
And thanne his neighèbour right as himselve.
He woldè thresh, and therto dyke and delve,
For Cristès sake, for every povre wight
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

OF Chaucer's characters, as described in his 49
Canterbury Tales, some of the names or titles
are altered by time, but the characters themselves for
ever remain unaltered, and consequently they are the
physiognomies or lineaments of universal human life.
Chaucer is himself the great poetical observer of men
who in every age is born to record and eternize its acts.
This he does as a master, as a father, and superior, who
looks down on their little follies from the Emperor to
the Miller; sometimes with severity, oftener with joke
and sport.

The Good Parson is beloved and venerated by all,
and neglected by all; he serves all, and is served by none;
he is, according to Christ's definition, the greatest of
his age. Yet he is a Poor Parson of a town. Read
Chaucer's description of the Good Parson, and bow the
head and the knee to him who in every age sends us
such a burning and a shining light. Search, O ye rich
and powerful, for these men, and obey their counsel:
then shall the golden age return. But alas, you will
not easily distinguish him from the Friar or the
Pardoner: they also are 'full solemn men,' and their
counsel you will continue to follow.

50 **O**F God himself can no man think. And therefore I would leave all that thing that I can think, and choose to my love that thing that I cannot think. For why: he may well be loved, but not thought. By love may he be gotten and holden, but by thought never. And therefore, though it be good sometime to think of the kindness and the worthiness of God in special, and although it be a light and a part of contemplation, nevertheless yet in this work it shall be cast down and covered with a cloud of forgetting. And thou shalt step above it stalwartly, but listily, with a devout and a pleasing stirring of love, and try for to pierce that darkness above thee. And smite upon that thick cloud of unknowing with a sharp dart of longing love; and go not thence for [any]thing that befalleth.

BE wary that thou conceive not bodily that which 51
is meant ghostly, although it be spoken in bodily
words, as be these: up or down, in or out, behind or
before, on one side or on other. For although that a
thing be never so ghostly in itself, nevertheless yet if
it shall be spoken of, since it so is that speech is a bodily
work wrought with the tongue (the which is an instru-
ment of the body) it behoveth always be spoken in
bodily words. But what thereof? Shall it therefore
be taken and conceived bodily? Nay, but ghostly, as
it be meant.

Heaven ghostly is as nigh down as up, and up as
down: behind as before, before as behind, on one side
as other. Insomuch that whoso had a true desire for
to be in heaven, then that same time he were in heaven
ghostly. For the high and the next way thither is
run by desires, and not by paces of feet.



52 TAO is all-pervading. It is simultaneously on this side and on that.

All living things subsist from it, and all are in its care.

It works, it finishes, and knows not the name of merit. In love it nurtures all things, and claims no excellence therein.

It knows neither ambition nor desire. It can be classed with the humblest of things.

All things finally revert to it, and it is not thereby increased. It can be mentioned with the greatest of things.

Therefore does the wise man refrain from self-distinction.

THE higher virtue is not recognized as such, and 53
it is therefore the very essence of virtue. The inferior virtue has the distinction of virtue, and therefore it lacks the essence. The higher virtue is spontaneous, and makes no claim to merit. The inferior virtue is deliberate, and lays claim to recognition.

When virtue is lost, benevolence takes its place. When benevolence is lost, justice ensues. When justice is lost, expediency remains. But expediency is the mere shadow of what is right and true.

Superficial virtue is the mere tinsel of Tao, and the fool makes use of it. But the truly great man establishes himself on that which is solid, and will not lean upon a shadow. He keeps to the real, and avoids display. He rejects the one, and takes the other with both hands.

The man who is saturated with virtue is like a little child. Scorpions will not sting him, wild beasts will not seize him, nor will birds of prey pluck at him. His young bones are not hard, neither are his sinews strong, yet his grasp is firm and sure. He is full of virility, though unconscious of his sex. Though he cry out all day, he is never hoarse. Herein is shown his harmony with Nature. The knowledge of this harmony is the eternal Tao. The knowledge of the eternal Tao is illumination.

WHAT is House, and what is Home,
 Where with Freedom thou hast room,
 And mayst to all Tyrants say:
 'This you cannot take away? . . .

Seek no more abroad, say I,
 House and Home, but turn thine eye
 Inward, and observe thy Breast;
 There alone dwells solid Rest.
 'That 's a close immurèd Tower
 Which can mock all hostile Power.
 'To thy self a Tenant be,
 And inhabit safe and free.

Say not that this House is small,
 Girt up in a narrow wall:
 In a cleanly sober Mind
 Heav'n itself full room doth find.
 The Infinite Creator can
 Dwell in it, and may not Man?
 Contented here make thy abode
 With thy self and with thy God,
 Heer, in this sweet privacie,
 Maist thou with thy self agree,
 And keep house in peace, though all
 The Universe's Fabrick fall.

NOW for that other virtue, of Charity, without 55
which Faith is a meer notion, and of no existence,
I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful
disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from
my parents, and regulate it to the written and pre-
scribed laws of Charity. And if I hold the true
anatomy of my self, I am delineated and naturally
framed to such a piece of virtue; for I am of a constitu-
tion so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with
all things. I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasie,
in dyet, humour, air, any thing. . . . I cannot start at
the presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Sala-
mander: at the sight of a Toad or Viper, I find in me
no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel
not in my self those common antipathies that I can
discover in others: those national repugnances do not
touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French,
Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch: but where I find their
actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honour,
love, and embrace them in the same degree.

If there be any among those common objects of
hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy
of Reason, Virtue and Religion, the Multitude: that
numerous piece of monstrosity, which, taken asunder,
seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God, but,
confused together, make but one great beast, and a
monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra. It is no

breach of Charity to call these fools; it is the style all holy writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon in canonical Scripture, and a point of our faith to believe so. Neither in the name of Multitude do I only include the base and minor sort of people; there is a rabble even amongst the gentry, a sort of plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these; men in the same level with Mechanicks, though their fortunes do somewhat guild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies. There is a nobility without heraldry, a natural dignity, whereby one man is ranked with another, another filed before him, according to the quality of his desert, and pre-eminence of his good parts.

CARLYLE said that men were mostly fools. 56
Christianity, with a surer and more reverent realism, says that they are all fools. This doctrine is sometimes called the doctrine of original sin. It may also be described as the doctrine of the equality of men. But the essential point of it is merely this, that whatever primary and far-reaching moral dangers affect any man, affect all men. All men can be criminals, if tempted; all men can be heroes, if inspired.

57 **I** CANNOT fall out or condemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of Charity. In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then Reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And there is one reason why controversies are never determined; for, though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled, they do so swell with unnecessary digressions; and the parenthesis on the party is often as large as the main discourse upon the subject.

THESE little Limbs,
 These Eyes and Hands which here I find,
 This panting Heart wherewith my Life begins—
 Where have ye been? Behind
 What Curtain were ye from me hid so long?
 Where was, in what abyss, my new-made Tongue?

When silent I
 So many thousand thousand Years
 Beneath the Dust did in a Chaos lie,
 How could I Smiles, or Tears,
 Or Lips, or Hands, or Eyes, or Ears perceiv?
 Welcom ye Treasures which I now receiv.

I that so long
 Was Nothing from Eternity,
 Did little think such Joys as Ear and Tongue
 To celebrate or see:
 Such Sounds to hear, such Hands to feel, such Feet,
 Such Eyes and Objects, on the Ground to meet.

New burnisht Joys
 Which finest Gold and Pearl excell!
 Such sacred Treasures are the Limbs of Boys
 In which a Soul doth dwell:
 Their organized Joints and azure Veins
 More Wealth include than the dead World conteins.

From Dust I rise
And out of Nothing now awake.
These brighter Regions which salute mine Eys
A Gift from God I take:
The Earth, the Seas, the Light, the lofty Skies,
The Sun and Stars are mine—if these I prize.

A Stranger here
Strange things doth meet, strange Glory see;
Strange Treasures lodg'd in this fair World appear,
Strange all and new to me:
But that they mine should be who Nothing was,
That strangest is of all; yet brought to pass.

WILL any condemn me? let him look to that, 59
upon what grounds he does it: my care shall be
that I may never be found either doing or speaking any
thing that doth truly deserve contempt. Will any
hate me? let him looke to that. I for my part will
be kind and loving unto all, and even unto him that
hates me, whomsoever he be, will I be ready to shew
his error, not by way of rebuke, or ostentation of my
patience, but ingenuously and meekly. For it is
inwardly that these things must be: that the gods who
look inwardly, and not upon the outward appearance,
may behold a man truly free from all indignation and
grief. For what hurt can it be unto thee whatsoever
any man else doth, so long as thou mayest do that which
is proper and suitable to thine own nature? Wilt not
thou accept of that which is now seasonable to the
nature of the Universe?

60 **T**HERE is many a man that hath virtue, as lowness, patience, charity to his even-christian and such other, only in his reason and will, and hath no ghostly delight nor love in them. For oft-time he feeleth grouching, heaviness and bitterness for to do them, and nevertheless yet he doth them, by stirring of reason for dread of God. This man hath virtues in reason and in his will, not the love of them in affection; but when reason is y-turned into light, and will into love, then hath he virtues in affection, for he hath so well gnawen upon the bitter bark of the nut that he hath broken it, and feedeth him with the kernel. That is for to say, the virtues which were first heavy for to do are now turned into very delight and savour.

I AM true Love that false was never;
My sister, man's soul, I loved her thus. . . .

61

I sit on this hill for to see fer;
I look to the valley my spouse to see.
Now renneth she awayward, now cometh she near,
Yet fro my sight she may nat be.
Some wait her pray to make her flee;
I rennè before and flemè her foe.
Returne, my spouse, again to me,
 Quia amore languco.

My swetè spouse, let us go play:
Apples ben ripe in my gardafne.
I shall thee clothe in a new array;
Thy meat shall be milk, honey, and wine.
Dear soul, let us go dine.
Thy sustenance is in my scrippè, lo!
Tarry thou not, fair spousè mine,
 Quia amore languco.

If thou be foul, I shall thee make clean;
If thou be sick, I shall thee heal;
If thou mourn aught, I shall thee mene.
Why wilt thou not, fair love, with me deal?
Foundest thou ever love so leal?

What wilt thou, soul, that I shall do?
I may not unkindly thee appeal,
Quia amore langueo.

What shall I do now with my spouse
But abide her of my gentilness
Till that she look out of her house
Of fleshly affection? Love mine she is.
Her bed is made, her bolster is bliss,
Her chamber is chosen. Is there none mo.
Look out on me at the window of kindéness,
Quia amore langueo.

LOVE conquers want of love as water conquers 62
fire. Men's deeds of love to-day are like taking
one cup of water to save a cartload of wood on fire.
When the fire is not put out, they say, Water does not
conquer fire! And this again so encourages their want
of love that at last all of it is gone.

63 **L**ET us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them, through his great power from the beginning. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies: Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions. Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing. Rich men furnished with abilitie, living peaceably in their habitations. All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. And some there be, which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been, and are become as though they had never been born, and their children after them. But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant. Their seed stands fast, and their children for their sakes. Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.

FOR those who had the power
 of the forest fires that burn
 Leaving their source in ashes
 to flush the sky with fire:
 Those whom a famous urn
 could not contain, whose passion
 Brimmed over the deep grave
 and dazzled epitaphs;
 For all that have earned us wings
 to clear the tops of grief
 My friend who within me laughs
 bids you dance and sing.

 Some set out to explore
 earth's limit, and little they recked if
 Never their feet came near it,
 outgrowing the need for glory:
 Some aimed at a small objective
 but the fierce updraught of their spirit
 Forced them to the stars.
 Are honoured in public, who built
 The dam that tamed a river;
 or holding the salient for hours
 Against odds, cut off and killed,
 are remembered by one survivor.

 All these: but most for those
 whom accident made great,

As a radiant chance encounter
 of cloud and sunlight grows
Immortal on the heart:
 whose gift was the sudden bounty
Of a passing moment, enriches
 the fulfilled eye for ever:
Their spirits float serene
above time's roughest reaches,
But their seed is in us, and over
 our lives they are evergreen.

LOVE is the high nobility of Heaven, the peaceful 65
home of man. To lack love, when nothing
hinders us, is to lack wisdom. Lacking love, lacking
wisdom, lacking courtesy, and lacking right, man is
a slave.

Love is like shooting. The bowman straightens
himself, and then shoots. If his shot does not hit,
he has no grudge against the winner; he turns and
seeks in himself, that is all.

66 **M**ECKNESS in itself is naught else but a true knowing and feeling of a man's self as he is. For surely whoso might verily see and feel himself as he is, he should verily be meek. And therefore, in all that thou canst and mayest, swink and sweat for to get thee a true knowing and a feeling of thyself as thou art; and then I trow that soon after that thou shalt have a true knowing and a feeling of God as he is. Not as he is in himself, for that may no man do but himself; nor yet as thou shalt do in bliss, both body and soul together. But as it is possible, and as he vouchsafeth to be known and felt of a meek soul living in this deadly body.

IN this work [of charitable contemplation] a perfect 67
worker hath no special beholding unto any man by
himself, whether he be kin or stranger, friend or foe.
For all men him thinks equally kin unto him, and no
man stranger. All men him thinks be his friends, and
none his foes. Insomuch that him thinks all those
that pain him and do him dis-ease in this life, they be
his full and his special friends: and him thinketh that
he is stirred to will them as much good as he would to
the homeliest friend that he hath.

No man should be judged of other here in this life,
for good nor for evil that they do. Deeds may law-
fully be judged . . . but not the man.

68 **B**Y standing on tiptoe one cannot keep still.
Astride of one's fellow one cannot progress.

By displaying oneself one does not shine. By self-
approbation one is not esteemed.

In self-praise there is no merit. He who exalts
himself does not stand high.

Such things are to Tao what refuse and excreta are
to the body. They are everywhere detested. There-
fore the man of Tao will not abide with them.

69
WRATH is not else but a frowardness and a contrariness to peace and love; and eyther it cometh of failing of might, or of failing of wisdom, or of failing of goodness: which failing is not in God, but it is on our partie. For this was an hey mervel to the soule which was continually shewid in all, and with gret diligens beholden: that our Lord God, anent himself, may not forgeven, for he may not be wroth—it were impossible. For this was shewid: that our life is all groundend and rooted in love, and without love we may not liven; and therefore to the soule that of his special grace seeth so fer forth of the hey marvelous godeness of God, and that we are endlessly one'd to him in love, it is the most impossible that may ben, that God shuld be wroth. For wrath and friendship be two contraries. For he that wastith and destroyith our wrath and maketh us meke and milde, it behoveth needs to ben that he be ever one in love meke and milde: which is contrarious to wrath.

For I saw ful sekirly that where our Lord appearith, peace is taken and wrath hath no place. For I saw no manner of wrath in God, neyther for short time nor for longe. For soothly as to my sight, if God might be wroth a touch we shuld never have life, ne stede, ne being. For verily as we have our being of the endless might of God and of the endless wisdom and of the endless godeness, so verily we have our keeping

in the endless might of God, in the endless wisdom,
and in the endless godeness. For though we feelen
(in us wretches) debates and strivis, yet are we all-
mannerfull becloſyd in the mildhede of God and in his
mekehede, in his benignity and in his buxumhede. For
I ſaw full ſekirly that all our endless frienſhip, or
ſtede, our life and our being, is in God. Thus is God
our ſtedfaſt ground.

THE one specially and peculiarly un-Christian 70
idea is the idea of Carlyle—the idea that the man
should rule who feels that he can rule. Whatever
else is Christian, this is heathen. If our faith com-
ments on government at all, its comment must be
this—that the man should rule who does *not* think that
he can rule. Carlyle's hero may say, 'I will be king';
but the Christian saint must say, 'Nolo episcopari.' If
the great paradox of Christianity means anything, it
means this—that we must take the crown in our hands,
and go hunting in dry places and dark corners of the
earth until we find the one man who feels himself
unfit to wear it. Carlyle was quite wrong; we have
not got to crown the exceptional man who knows he
can rule. Rather we must crown the much more
exceptional man who knows he can't.

71

HOW like an Angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among his Works I did appear
O how their Glory did me crown!
The World resembled his Eternity,
In which my Soul did walk;
And every thing that I did see
Did with me talk.

The Skies in their magnificence,
The lovely lively Air,
Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The Stars did entertain my Sense;
And all the Works of God so bright and pure,
So rich and great, did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my Esteem. . . .

A Nativ Health and Innocence
Within my Bones did grow,
And while my God did all his Glories show
I felt a vigor in my Sense
That was all Spirit: I within did flow
With Seas of Life like Wine;
I nothing in the World did know
But 'twas Divine. . . .

The Streets seem'd paved with golden Stones,
The Boys and Girls all mine:
To me how did their lovely faces shine!
The Sons of men all holy ones,
In Joy and Beauty, then appear'd to me;
And every thing I found
(While like an Angel I did see)
Adorn'd the Ground. . . .

Curs'd, ill-devis'd Proprieties
With Envy, Avarice,
And Fraud (those Fiends that spoil ev'n Paradise),
Were not the Object of mine Eyes;
Nor Hedges, Ditches, Limits, narrow Bounds:
I dreamt not ought of those,
But in surveying all men's Grounds
I found Repose.

For Property itself was mine,
And Hedges, Ornaments:
Walls, Houses, Coffers, and their rich Contents,
To make me Rich combine.
Cloaths, costly Jewels, Laces, I esteem'd
My Wealth by others worn,
For me they all to wear them seem'd,
When I was born.

72 **I**F only I can recover the sense and certainty of those innocent years, years in which we seemed not so much to live as to be lived by forces outside us, by the wind and trees and moving clouds and all the mobile engines of our expanding world—then I am convinced I shall possess a key to much that has happened to me in this other world of conscious living. The echoes of my life which I find in my early childhood are too many to be dismissed as vain coincidences; but it is perhaps my conscious life which is the echo, the only real experiences in life being those lived with a virgin sensibility—so that we only hear a tone once, only see a colour once, see, hear, touch, taste and smell everything but once, the first time. . . .

As this body of mine passes through the rays of experience, it meets bright points of ecstasy which come from the heart of this lost realm. But the realm is never wholly lost: it is reconstructed stage by stage whenever the sensibility recovers its first innocence, whenever eye and ear and touch and tongue and quivering nostril revive sensation in all its child-godly passivity.

PASSING, men are sorry for the birds in cages 73
And for constricted nature hedged and lined;
But what do they say to your pleasant bird
Physical delight, since years tamed?

Behind centuries, behind the continual hill,
The wood you felled, your clothes, the slums you built,
Only love knows where that bird dips his head;
Only the sun, soaked in memory, flashes on his neck.

Dance, will you? And sing? Yet pray he is dead.
Invent politics to hide him and lawsuits and suits:
Now he's impossible and quite destroyed like grass
Where the fields are covered with your more living
houses.

I never hear you are happy but I wonder
Whether it was at a shiny bazaar,
At a brittle dance or a party, that you could create
Procrastination of nature, for your talk and laughter are
Only a glass that flashes back the light
And that covers only hate.

Will you not forgive him? I have signed his release,
Alarming and gentle like the blood's throb,
And his fountain of joy wakes the solitary stag
From his cherished sleep.

But if you still bar your pretty bird, remember
Revenge and despair are prisoned in your bowels.
Life cannot pardon the ideal-without-scruple,
The enemy of flesh, the angel and destroyer,
Creator of a martyrdom serene, but horrible.

TO what end do we by a divorce dismember a 74
frame contexted with so mutual, coherent, and
brotherly correspondency? Contrariwise, let us repair
and renew the same by interchangeable offices, that
the spirit may awake and quicken the dull heaviness
of the body, and the body stay the lightness of the spirit,
and settle and fix the same. Qui velut summum
bonum, laudat animae naturam, et tanquam malum,
naturam carnis accusat, profecto et animam carnaliter
appetit, et carnem incarnaliter fugit; quoniam id
vanitate sentit humana, non veritate divina: He that
praiseth the nature of the soul as his principal good, and
accuseth nature of the flesh as evil, assuredly he both
carnally affecteth the soul and carnally escheweth the
flesh, since he is of this mind not by divine verity, but
human vanity.

75 **T**HE body hath a great part in our being, and therein keeps a special rank. For his structure and composition are worthy due consideration. Such as go about to sunder our two principal parts, and separate them one from another, are much to blame: they ought rather to be coupled and joined fast together. The soul must be enjoined not to retire herself to her quarter, nor to entertain herself apart, nor to despise and leave the body (which she cannot well do, except it be by some counterfeited, apish trick), but ought to combine and cling fast unto him, to embrace, to cherish, assist, correct, persuade, and advise him, and if he chance to swerve or stray, then to lead and direct him. In fine, she should wed and serve him instead of a husband, that so their effects may not seem contrary and diverse, but agreeing and uniform.

76
BUT how shall we this union well express?
Naught ties the Soul; her subtlety is such,
She moves the Body, which she doth possess,
Yet no part toucheth, but by Virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein as in a tent;
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit;
Nor as the spider in his web is pent;
Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain;
Nor as one liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain;
Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread.

But as the fair and cheerful morning Light
Doth here and there her silver beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent Air, in all and part. . . .

So doth the piercing Soul the Body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffused. . . .

And as the sun above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below,
So from the eternal Light the Soul doth spring,
Though in the body she her powers do show.

77 **I** HAVE so fixed my contemplations on Heaven that I have almost forgot the Idea of Hell, and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one than endure the misery of the other: to be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs, methinks, no addition to compleat our afflictions. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into Heaven; they go the fairest way to Heaven that would serve God without a hell; other mercenaries, that crouch unto him in fear of Hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves, of the Almighty.

MAGDALEN at Michael's gate
Tirlèd at the pin.
On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,
Let her in! Let her in!

78

Hast thou seen the wounds? said Michael:
Know'st thou thy sin?
It is evening, evening, sang the blackbird:
Let her in! Let her in!

Yes, I have seen the wounds,
And I know my sin.
She knows it well, well, well, sang the blackbird:
Let her in! Let her in!

Thou bringest no offerings? said Michael.
Nought save sin.
And the blackbird sang, She is sorry, sorry, sorry!
Let her in! Let her in!

When he had sung himself to sleep,
And night did begin,
One came and open'd Michael's gate,
And Magdalen went in.

79 **N**OW if we can bring our affections to look beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soul, we have found out the true object, not only of friendship, but charity; and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soul is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, salvation; which though it be not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity and pious invocations to desire, if not procure and further. I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for my self in particular, without a catalogue for my friends; nor request a happiness, wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never hear the toll of a passing bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit; I cannot go to cure the body of my patient but I forget my profession and call unto God for his soul; I cannot see one say his prayers, but, instead of imitating him, I fall into a supplication for him, who perhaps is no more to me than a common nature: and if God hath vouchsafed an ear to my supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of mine unknown devotions.

OF Piers the usurer it is said
 That in a dream of holy dread
 He learned to hate his wicked part,
 And kindness flowered in his heart.
 And thereafter what befell
 Let now the ancient poet tell:

Fro that timè then wax Piers
 A man of so feyrè manéres
 That nó mán might in him find
 But to the poor both meke and kind.
 A milder man ne might nat be,
 Ne to the poor more of alms free:
 And rueful of herte also he was,
 That mayst thou here lere in this pas.

Piers met, upon a day,
 A poorè man by the way,
 As naked as he was bore,
 That in the sea had allè lore.
 He came to Piers: there he stood
 And askèd him some of his good—
 Some what of his clothing—
 For the love of hevené king.
 Piers was of rueful herte:
 He toke his kirtil off, as smert,
 And did it on the man above
 And bad him wear it for his love.

The man it toke, and was full blythe;
He gedè and soldè it as swythe.
Piers stode and did beholde
How the man the kirtil solde,
And was therewith ferly wrothe
That he sold so soon his clothe.
He might no lenger for sorrow stand
But gedè home full sore gretand,
And said it was an evil signe,
And that himselvè was nat digne
For to be in his prayère,
Therefore nold he the kirtil wear. . . .

[But] as Piers lay in his sleeping
Him thought a feyrè swevening.
Him thought he was in heavenè light
And of God he had a sight
Sitting in his kirtil clad
That the poor man of him had,
And spake to him full mildèly:
Why weepst thou and art sorry?
Lo Piers, he said, this is thy cloth,
For he sold it were thou wroth.
Know it wele, if that thou can,
For me thou gave it the poor man.
That thou gave him in charitie
Every deyl thou gave it me.

TAO remains quiescent, and yet leaves nothing 8 I
undone. If a ruler or a king could hold it, all
things would of their own accord assume the desired
shape. If in the process of transformation desire should
arise, I would check it by the ineffable simplicity. The
ineffable simplicity would bring about an absence of
desire, and rest would come back again. Thus the
world would regenerate itself.

The gentlest thing in the world will override the
strongest. The Non-Existent pervades everything,
though there be no inlet. By this I understand how
effectual is non-action.

To teach without words and to be useful without
action, few among men are capable of this.

82 **H**AIL, holy light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
 Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproachèd light
 Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
 Escap't the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 'Through utter and through middle darkness borne
 With other notes then to the Orphean Lyre
 I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
 'Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quencht their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt

Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Zion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's Rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to mee expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

83 **A**ND he shewed me a pure river of water of life,
clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of
God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of
it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of
life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded
her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were
for the healing of the nations.

NOW their way lay just upon the bank of the 84
River: here therefore Christian and his companion walked with great delight. They drank also of the water of the River, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits: besides, on the banks of this River on either side were green Trees, that bore all manner of fruit; and the leaves of the Trees were good for Medicine; with the fruit of these Trees they were also much delighted; and the leaves they eat to prevent surfeits, and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travels. On either side of the River was also a Meadow, curiously beautified with lilies; and it was green all the year long. In this Meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie down safely. When they awoke they gathered again of the Fruit of the Trees, and drank of the Water of the River: and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights.

Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide
(To comfort Pilgrims) by the Highway side;
The Meadows green, besides their fragrant smell,
Yield dainties for them: And he that can tell
What pleasant Fruit, yea Leaves, these Trees do yield,
Will soon sell all, that he may buy this Field.

85 O GRACE abounding, whence mine eyes presumed
so long on the eternal light to look
that, in the seeing, seeing was consumed:

O light in whose unbounded deeps unshook
I saw the dispers'd things of space and time
ingather'd all by love, as in a book,

Substance and accidents in mood and rhyme
made one, and these and all relations fusing
in one clear radiance, their end and prime.

The universal figure of this fusing
methinks indeed I saw, for as I strive
to tell thereof, a joy invades my musing.

More muse my moment holds than twenty-five
centuries' dream of the event that mazed
Neptune with Argo's shadow moving by.

Rapt so in contemplation, high upraised,
my spirit, looking nor to left nor right,
kindled anew with that whereon it gazed.

For he is lost therein who sees that light,
so that he cannot choose but hold him still,
nor turn to look on any other sight:

Because the good, which is the aim of will,
is gather'd there, and to its own perfection
subdues all things that else had seemèd ill. . . .

Here vision fail'd perforce. But like a wheel
whose even turning no constriction mars,
my will and my desiring did I feel
moved by the love that moveth sun and stars.

86 **AND** now it was near the hour of sunset, for he had been a long while in the other room. When he came back from the bath he sat down among us, but there was very little conversation. Not long after that, the servant of the Eleven came and stood before him and said: I know I shall not find you unreasonable, Socrates, as other men are. Other men are angry with me and curse me when—because my masters make me—I bid them drink the poison. But you I have found to be the most noble, the most gentle of men, the best of all that have ever come here; and so I know quite well that you will not be angry with me for what I am doing, but rather with those whom you know to be responsible. You know why I've come—and so fare you well, and try to bear as lightly as may be what cannot be avoided. With these words he turned away weeping, and went out; and looking up at him, Socrates answered: Farewell. I will do as you say. Then turning to us he said: How courteous the man is! All the time I've been here he has kept coming in to see me, and sometimes he has stayed talking to me, proving himself the best of fellows. And now, see how generously he weeps for me! Come, Crito, let's do as he asks. If the poison is ready, let it be brought. If not ready, let it be made so. . . .

When Socrates saw him [who had come to give him the poison] he said: You understand these matters,

my good sir; so you must tell me what to do. You have only to drink this, answered the man, and walk about till a heaviness comes into your legs, and then lie down, and the poison will act of itself. So saying he handed the cup to Socrates, who took it, Echecrates, quite cheerfully, without trembling, and with no change of countenance. And looking up at the man with that steady gaze of his he asked: What say you to my making a libation from this cup? May I do so, or not? We prepare, answered the man, only so much as we think needful to our purpose, Socrates. I understand, said Socrates. But I suppose it is permitted that I pray to the gods that they prosper my journey hence: so much, indeed, I am bound to do. That, then, is my prayer: so be it. Having spoken these words, with a tranquil and cheerful demeanour he raised the cup to his lips and drank the poison.

Up till this moment most of us had managed to keep some control of our feelings, but seeing him drink the poison, and the poison finished, we were unmanned. As for me, I hid my face and gave myself to weeping: it was not for Socrates that I wept, but for myself, for my miserable fortune in losing such a friend as he. Crito had already moved away from us, being unable to restrain his tears; and Apollodorus, who had wept all the while without a moment's ceasing, now burst into loud cries, and by his uncontrolled and grievous sobbing

he made us all lose self-command, all except Socrates himself. My friends, he exclaimed, what are you doing? It was chiefly to avoid such scenes as this that I sent the women away; for I have heard that a man should die in silence. So calm yourselves, and be of good heart. At these words we were ashamed, and presently we mastered our weeping. Socrates walked about the room until he felt his legs begin to get heavy; then he lay down on his back, as he had been told to do. From time to time the man who had given the poison examined his feet and legs. He pressed hard on his foot, asking if there was any feeling in it. Socrates said No. Then the man pressed his legs, and so higher and higher, showing us that Socrates was becoming cold and stiff. And Socrates, too, felt his body, remarking that when the cold reached his heart he would be gone. He was already growing cold about the groin when, having uncovered his face (which had been covered), he spoke for the last time. Crito, he said, I owe a cock to Asclepius; don't fail to pay it. It shall be done, answered Crito. Is there anything else you wish? To this question he made no answer. And in a little while there was a movement [under the sheet], and the man uncovered him, and we saw that his eyes were fixed. Crito closed the mouth and the eyes.

Such was our friend's passing, Echecrates: a man who, I think, was the noblest I have ever known, the wisest and most just.

AFTER this it was noised abroad that Mr *Valiant-87*
for-Truth was taken with a Summons . . . and had
this for a Token that the Summons was true: that his
Pitcher was broken at the Fountain. When he
understood it, he called for his friends and told them
of it. Then said he: I am going to my Fathers, and
though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now
I do not repent me of all the Trouble I have been at to
arrive where I am. My Sword I give to him that
shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my Courage
and Skill to him that can get it. My Marks and
Scars I carry with me, to be a Witness for me that I
have fought his battle who now will be my Rewarder.
When the Day that he must go hence was come, many
accompanied him to the River side, into which as he
went he said: Death, where is thy sting? And as he
went down deeper he said: Grave, where is thy Victory?
So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded for
him on the other side.

O H, who shall from this Dungeon raise
A Soul enslav'd so many ways
With bolts of Bones; that fetter'd stands
In Feet, and manacled in Hands;
Here blinded with an Eye, and there
Deaf with the drumming of an Ear.

NOT with vain tears, when we 're beyond the sun, 89
We 'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread
Those dusty high-roads of the aimless dead
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there
Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

90 **T**HE words of Rābi'a's prayer: All-knowing Lord,
Make this world's goods the portion of thy foes
And Paradise thy followers' reward;
But as for me, remote from these and those
I stand, for ever free.
Losing both worlds, I count the loss as light
If but one instant I may be thy friend;
Content I take from thee such beggar's plight—
From thee my true content, wealth without end,
Thyself thy gift to me.

AS a dare-gale skylark scanted in a dull cage 91
Man's mounting spirit in his bone-house, mean
house, dwells—

That bird beyond the remembering his free fells;
This in drudgery, day-labouring-out life's age.

Though aloft on turf or perch or poor low stage,
Both sing sometimes the sweetest, sweetest spells,
Yet both droop deadly sometimes in their cells
Or wring their barriers in bursts of fear or rage.

Not that the sweet-fowl, song-fowl, needs no rest—
Why, hear him, hear him babble and drop down to his
nest,
But his own nest, wild nest, no prison.

Man's spirit will be flesh-bound when found at best,
But uncumbered: meadow-down is not distressed
For a rainbow footing it nor he for his bones risen.

92 **A**LL things spring forth into activity with one accord, and whither do we see them return? After blossoming for a while, everything dies down to its root.

This going back to one's origin is called peace; it is giving of oneself over to the inevitable. This giving of oneself over to the inevitable is called preservation.

He who knows this preservation is called enlightened. He who knows it not continues in misery.

He who knows this preservation is great of soul. He who is great of soul is prevailing. Prevailing, he is a king. Being a king, he is celestial. Being celestial, he is of Tao. Being of Tao, he endures for ever; for, though his body perish, yet he suffers no hurt.

WHAT needest thou?—a few brief hours of rest 93

Wherein to seek thyself in thine own breast;
A transient silence wherein truth could say,
'Such was thy constant hope, and this thy way'?—

O burden of life that is
A livelong tangle of perplexities!

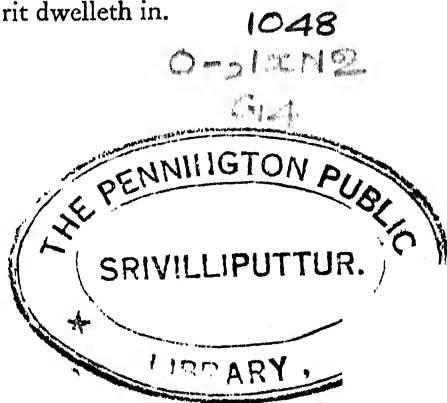
What seekest thou?—a truce from that thou art;
Some steadfast refuge from a fickle heart;
Still to be thou, and yet no thing of scorn,
To find no stay here, and yet not forlorn?—

O riddle of life that is
An endless war 'twixt contrarieties!

Leave this vain questioning. Is not sweet the rose?
Sings not the wild bird ere to rest he goes?
Hath not in miracle brave June returned?
Burns not her beauty as of old it burned?

O foolish one to roam
So far in thine own mind away from home!

Where blooms the flower when her petals fade,
Where sleepeth echo by earth's music made,
Where all things transient to the changeless win,
There waits the peace thy spirit dwelleth in.



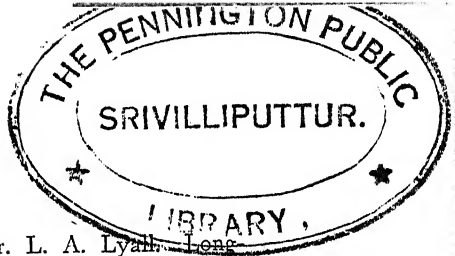
INDEX AND NOTES

KEY TO THE INDEX

'Tr.' stands for *translated by*; and 'revised,' following the translator's name, indicates that some of his sentences have been recast by the editor. Where a translation is not otherwise ascribed, the editor is himself responsible for the form of the English version. The word 'assembled' is used to show that some phrases or sentences have been omitted, so that what reads as a continuous passage does not so appear in the original: these omissions have been made in the interest of economy or relevancy, and with a due regard for the author's intention. Words and phrases that appear in the text between square brackets are editorial insertions. Where it has seemed desirable to supply fuller textual information than the INDEX could conveniently hold, or where the editor has wished to make a personal comment, a note has been written bearing the number of the entry to which it refers. These notes occupy the section immediately following the INDEX, and their existence is signaled in the INDEX by a star.

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INDEX



1. MENCIOUS. From *Mencius*. Tr. L. A. Lyall. Longmans Green. Mencius was born ninety-six years after the death of Confucius and in the third century before Christ. The doctrines he taught, says the translator, did not originate with him: 'they are found scattered here and there through the older Chinese literature.' I owe a special debt of gratitude to Mr Lyall for allowing me to make as many as nine extracts from his book (to which I hope many readers of this anthology will resort), and for very kindly allowing me to make minor alterations in phrasing.
2. CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.
3. CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. English version based on Shelton.
4. G. K. CHESTERTON. *Charles Dickens*. Methuen.
5. G. K. CHESTERTON. As 4.
6. GEORGE MOORE. *A Storyteller's Holiday*. Heinemann.
7. JULIAN OF NORWICH. *Revelations of Divine Love*. From the Sloane MS (British Museum). In my extracts from this work I have altered the spelling very little, and only where a literal transcription would have raised pointless difficulties. *Kinde* is 'nature' (a significant identity, suggesting that kindness is naturalness, not a virtue painfully acquired). *Departed* here means departed, or separated.
8. OVID. *Metamorphoses*. Tr. Arthur Golding. First edition (1567) collated with second edition (1575).
9. H. J. MASSINGHAM. *The Golden Age*. Gerald Howe.

10. BIBLE. *Isaiab.*
11. LANGLAND. *Piers Plowman*. Assembled. Modern version reprinted from *The English Galaxy*. The Middle English text is given in note ★11.
12. D. H. LAWRENCE. 'Shadows.' From *Last Poems*. Secker.
13. JULIAN OF NORWICH. *Revelations of Divine Love*. See 7. Assembled passages. *Gostly*: spiritual. *Sekirly*: surely.
14. GEORGE MEREDITH. Part of 'Melampus.' From *Collected Poems*. Constable.
15. MENCIVS. Tr. L. A. Lyall. See 1.
16. MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. Tr. Casaubon, revised. Assembled.
17. WILLIAM PENN's speech to the American Indians. Voltaire said of this treaty that it was 'the only league made between those nations and the Christians which was never sworn to by oath and never violated.' See Bonamy Dobree's *William Penn*, an interesting and non-partisan biography of the great Quaker. The Indians declared that they would keep the pact 'while the creeks and rivers run and while the sun and moon and stars endure.' And, adds Mr Dobree, 'they did keep the pact so long as the whites did so; and the whites kept it so long as the Quakers were in control . . . there was never any question of force, and the result was the complete justification of Quaker principles.'
18. JOSEPH BEAUMONT (1616-1699). 'Entertainment.' From *The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont*, edited by

Eloise Robinson, under the general editorship of Katharine Lee Bates. Constable.

19. JEREMY TAYLOR. *Contemplations of the State of Man.* Assembled.
20. ANON. *I Fioretti di S. Francesco.* Slightly abridged.
21. G. K. CHESTERTON. *Heretics.* The Bodley Head.
22. EVELYN UNDERHILL. Second stanza of the title-piece from *Immanence and Other Poems.* Dent.
23. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.
24. MENCIVS. Tr. L. A. Lyall. See I. See also note ★24.
25. SIR THOMAS MALORY. *Le Morte Darthur.*
26. G. K. CHESTERTON. Last stanzas of 'A Hymn for the Church Militant.' From *Collected Poems.* Methuen.
27. MENCIVS. Tr. L. A. Lyall. See I.
28. WILLIAM CORNISH (fifteenth century).
29. WALTER HILTON, Canon of Thurgarton (fourteenth century). *The Scale of Perfection.* Edited from MS sources by Evelyn Underhill, and published by John M. Watkins.
30. SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici.* Assembled.
31. WALTER HILTON, Canon of Thurgarton (fourteenth century). *The Scale of Perfection.* See 29. Assembled. *Even-christian*: neighbour.
32. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Part of *Il Cantico del Sole.*
33. BUNYAN. *The Pilgrim's Progress.*
34. MENCIVS. Tr. L. A. Lyall. See I.
35. MALORY. *Le Morte Darthur.*

36. STELLA GIBBONS. 'A Birthday.' From *The Priestess and Other Poems*. Longmans Green.
37. SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*.
38. MENCIVS. Tr. L. A. Lyall. See 1.
39. JOSEPH BEAUMONT. 'The Little Ones Greatnes.' See 18.
40. R. ELLIS ROBERTS. From *Prayer: Impressions and Aphorisms*. Published for The Guild of Saint Francis of Sales by Philip Allan.
41. THOMAS DE QUINCEY. *Confessions of an Opium Eater*.
42. JOHN STUART MILL. *On Liberty*.
43. THOMAS HOWELL. From *The Arbor of Amittie*, 1568.
44. Editor.
45. JOHN DONNE. From a sermon.
46. WILLIAM LAW. *An Appeal to all that Doubt*. Assembled.
47. MENCIVS. Tr. L. A. Lyall. See 1.
48. CHAUCER. *The Canterbury Tales*. From the Prologue.
49. WILLIAM BLAKE. Blake's painting of the Canterbury Pilgrims is well known. These passages are from his descriptive catalogue.
50. ANON (fourteenth century). *The Cloud of Unknowing*. Edited from MS sources by Evelyn Underhill and published by John M. Watkins.
51. As 50.
52. LAO-TZE. From *The Simple Way*, W. G. Old's translation of the *Tao-Teh-King*. Rider. See also 53, 68, 81, 92. A few phrases revised.

53. LAO-TZE. Tr. W. G. Old. See 52.
54. JOSEPH BEAUMONT. Part of 'House and Home.'
See 18.
55. SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*.
56. G. K. CHESTERTON. *Heretics*. The Bodley Head.
57. SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*.
58. THOMAS TRAHERNE. 'The Salutation.' From *Poems of Felicity*. Edited by H. I. Bell. Clarendon Press.
59. MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. Tr. Casaubon, revised. Assembled.
60. WALTER HILTON. *The Scale of Perfection*. See 29.
61. ANON (fifteenth century). Part of poem.
62. MENCIAUS. Tr. L. A. Lyall. See 1.
63. BIBLE. *Ecclesiasticus*.
64. C. DAY LEWIS. 'A Time to Dance.'
65. MENCIAUS. Tr. L. A. Lyall. See 1.
66. ANON. *The Cloud of Unknowing*. See 50. *Deadly*: mortal. For note on 'meekness' see ★66.
67. ANON. *The Cloud of Unknowing*. See 50.
68. LAO-TZE. Tr. W. G. Old. See 52.
69. JULIAN OF NORWICH. *Revelations of Divine Love*. See 7. For 'wreth,' in the MS, I have printed *wrath* or *wroth*, according to the sense required. See 7. *Stede*: stead, or place. *Wroth a touch*: wroth for an instant.
70. G. K. CHESTERTON. *Orthodoxy*. The Bodley Head.

71. THOMAS TRAHERNE. Stanzas from 'Wonder.' From *Poems of Felicity*. Edited by H. I. Bell. Clarendon Press.
72. HERBERT READ. *The Innocent Eye*. Faber.
73. STEPHEN SPENDER. 'The Bird.'
74. MONTAIGNE. 'Of Experience.' From *Essays*. Tr. Florio.
75. MONTAIGNE. 'Of Presumption.' From *Essays*. Tr. Florio.
76. SIR JOHN DAVIES (sixteenth century). From 'Nosce Teipsum.'
77. SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*. Assembled.
78. HENRY KINGSLEY.
79. SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*.
80. [Six lines of editorial introduction followed by] ROBERT MANNING of Brunn. *Handlying Synne* (1303). *Alle lore*: all lost. *Gretand*: weeping. *Nold*: would not. *Sweevening*: dream.
81. LAO-TZE. Tr. W. G. Old. See 52.
82. MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Opening of Book III.
83. BIBLE. *Revelation of Saint John*.
84. BUNYAN. *The Pilgrim's Progress*.
85. DANTE. *Paradiso*. From *Canzo XXXIII*. The Italian is given in note ★85.
86. PLATO. The *Phaedo*.

87. BUNYAN. *The Pilgrim's Progress*. For note on Death, see ★87.
88. ANDREW MARVELL. From 'A Dialogue between Soul and Body.' See note ★88.
89. RUPERT BROOKE. 'Sonnet suggested by some of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.' From *1914 and Other Poems*. Sidgwick & Jackson.
90. FARÍDU'DDÍN ATTÁR. His poetical version of Rábi'a's prayer is at v. 3085 of the *Mantiqu't-tair*, ed. Garcin de Tassy, Paris 1857. Garcin de Tassy's French prose version departs widely from the Persian original. The English version here given is by Sir Frederick Pollock, to whose kindness I am also indebted for the substance of this index entry. Rábi'a was one of the early Súfí saints (A.D. 717-801). For a full account see Margaret Smith's *Rábi'a the Mystic and her Fellow-Saints in Islám*. Cambridge 1928.
91. GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. 'The Caged Skylark.' From *Poems*. Oxford University Press. See note ★88.
92. LAO-TZE. Tr. W. G. Old. See 52.
93. WALTER DE LA MARE. 'Vain Questioning.' From *Motley and Other Poems*. Constable.

REFERENCE

NOTES

★II. FROM *Piers Plowman*:

*Piers
Plowman*

This I trow be truth—who can teach thee better
Look thou suffer him to say, and sithen lere it after;
For Truth telleth that Love is triacle of heaven,
May no sin be on him that useth that spice,
And alle his works be wrought with love as him list. . . .

For heaven might nat holden it, it was so heavy of himself,
Till it had of the earth eaten his fill;
And when it had of this fold flesh and blood taken,
Was never leaf upon lynde lighter thereafter,
And portatif and persaunt as the point of a needle
That might none armour it lett, ne none high walles. . . .

For though ye be trewe of your tongue and treweliche win
And as chaste as a child that in chirche weepeth,
But if ye loven leelly and lene the povere,
Such good as God you sent goodliche parteth,
Ye ne have no more merit in masse nor in houres
Than Malkyn of her maidenhede that no man desireth.

- ★24. *The kingly man*. This phrase is my unsatisfactory substitute for *gentleman*, the word by which Mr Lyall renders the Chinese *chüntzu*. In answer to my request for an alternative word, free of the irrelevant social implications of *gentleman*, Mr Lyall writes:

Chün means a *lord*, a *king*. The *tzu* is nothing but an affix.
The character for *tzu*, when it stands alone, means *son*.

The princely man is perhaps the nearest approach *Humility* the to a literal translation of *chüntzu*. Both Confucius and *Ground of* Mencius try over and over again to define him. These *Virtue* definitions are before you in my translations, you must judge for yourself what is the best English equivalent of *chüntzu* . . . Legge translated it *the superior man*. You cannot do worse.

I have preferred *kingly* to *princely*, merely because, in common usage, the associated ideas of rank and wealth happen to adhere more closely to the latter term than to the former. The word *kingly* is, of the two, the more readily understood in a purely moral or spiritual sense.

- ★66. *Meekness*. This is a word much out of favour. During recent centuries it has been made to carry a suggestion of servility, and even of obsequiousness, which was evidently no part of its original meaning. Much stress is laid by medieval writers on the importance of this virtue.

As mickle as thou hast of meekness [says Walter Hilton], so mickle hast thou of charity, of patience, and of other virtues, though they be not showed outward. Be then busy to get meekness, and hold it; for it is the first and the last of all virtues. It is the first, for it is ground of all virtues; as Saint Austin saith, if thou think to build an high house of virtues, ordain first a deep ground of meekness. Also it is the last, for it is keeping and safing of all virtues; as Saint Gregory saith: He that gathereth virtues without meekness, he is like to him which maketh and beareth powder of spicery in the wind. Do thou never so many good deeds, fast thou, wake thou, or any other good work do thou, if thou have no meekness it is nought that thou dost.

★85. FROM Dante's *Paradiso*. Canto XXXIII. Lines 82-105,
142-5 (end):

*O Grace
Abounding*

O abbondante grazia, ond' io presunsi
ficcar lo viso per la luce eterna
tanto che la veduta vi consunsi!

Nel suo profondo vidi che s' interna,
legato con amore in un volume,
ciò che per l' universo si squaderna;

Sustanzia ed accidenti, e lor costume,
quasi conflati insieme per tal modo,
che ciò ch' io dico è un semplice lume.

La forma universal di questo nodo
credo ch' io vidi, perchè più di largo,
dicendo questo, mi sento ch' io godo.

Un punto solo m' è maggior letargo,
che venticinque secoli alla impresa,
che fe' Nettuno ammirar l' ombra d' Argo.

Così la mente mia, tutta sospesa,
mirava fissa, immobile ed attenta,
e sempre del mirar faceasi accesa.

A quella luce cotal si diventa,
che volgersi da lei per altro aspetto
è impossibil che mai si consenta.

Però che il ben, ch' è del volere obbietto,
tutto s' accoglie in lei, e fuor di quella
è difettivo ciò che lì è perfetto. . . .

All' alta fantasia qui mancò possa;
ma già volgeva il mio disiro e il *velle*,
sì come rota ch' egualmente è mossa,
l' amor che move il sole e l' altre stelle.

*'And all the
Trumpets
sounded
for him. . . .'*

- ★87. RELIGION, I conceive, is not a system of consolatory beliefs, and is not concerned with the question (to which no one can be humanly indifferent) of whether or not we survive death. Still less is it concerned with rewards and punishments. Many of us find it impossible to share Bunyan's naive confidence that death is merely a river to be crossed, with comfort and immortality awaiting the faithful on the other side. As to that, whatever we may hope, we know nothing. But I could not resist putting this passage from Bunyan side by side with Plato's account of the death of Socrates, the most valiant-for-truth of all men known to us. If ever celestial trumpets sounded for a great soul, they must have sounded for Socrates. A few pages earlier in Bunyan's story comes the description of the pilgrims' arrival in the Land of Beulah, whence this last adventure is to be made:

Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves awhile to Rest. And because this Country was common for Pilgrims, and because the Orchards and Vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the Celestial Country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. But a little while soon refreshed them here, for the Bells did so ring, and the Trumpets continually sound so melodiously, that they could not sleep; and yet they received as much refreshing as if they had slept their sleep never so soundly. Here also all the noise of them that walked the Streets, was: More Pilgrims are

Charles
Lamb on
Death

come to Town. And another would answer saying: And so many went over the Water and were let in at the Golden Gates today. They would cry again: There is now a Legion of Shining Ones just come to Town; by which we know that there are more Pilgrims upon the Road, for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after all their sorrow. Then the Pilgrims got up and walked to and fro. But how were their Ears now filled with heavenly Noises, and their Eyes delighted with Celestial Visions!

These are perhaps visions rather of heart's desire than of things present or to come; and death, for many people, must remain, as Charles Lamb called it, an unpalatable draught. Till thirty, says Lamb, a man 'never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed . . . but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December.' And in cadences so strongly reminiscent of Sir Thomas Browne as almost to be taken for a passage from *Religio Medici* or from *Urn Burial*, he continues:

But now, shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like misers' farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and

reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love 'It would be with this green earth; the face of town and country; the *strange not* unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of *to forgive*' streets. I would set up my tabernacle here.

This is a universal human sentiment; and it is a minor point that, though particular metaphors might fail to solace Lamb, he was certainly in some small degree solaced by the deep pleasure of making music of his melancholy. The *fear* of death may be conquered, by a philosophy within reach of every one; but its bitterness must always remain, to be endured with what fortitude we can find. And knowledge of mortality, however bitter in itself, has at least the power to enrich life, while we have it, by binding us together in the consciousness of a common doom. In face of that doom it would be indeed 'strange not to forgive.'

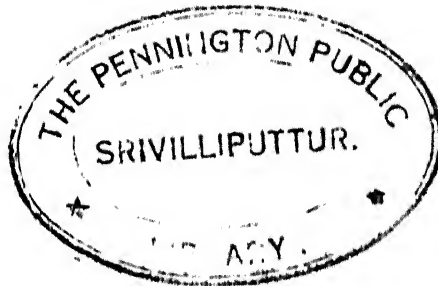
'I hate So-and-So,' remarked Lamb on one occasion. 'But you have never seen him,' it was objected. 'No,' agreed Lamb, 'certainly not. I couldn't hate any man I'd once seen.'

- ★88 MARVELL's lines and Rupert Brooke's sonnet (89) provide an interesting literary parallel; for though Brooke had presumably read the Marvell passage at some time or another it is highly improbable that he had it consciously in mind when he wrote. The philosophy behind both passages is unsound, I suggest, if it posits an essential opposition between body and spirit, or, to put it another way, if it seeks to affirm a difference in *fact* between things that are distinguishable from one another only in intellectual analysis. 'Body,' said Blake, 'is a portion of Soul discerned by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age.' And Father Hopkins, a priest of the Roman Church,

Spirit and Sense repudiates the false antithesis of spirit and sense when he declares (see 91):

Man's spirit will be flesh-bound when found at best,
But uncumbered . . .

Life is defined in its forms: 'life without form' is a phrase without meaning.



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